

THIRD YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1892.

NO. 85.

The Bee.

TERMS:
Per Year (in advance) \$5.00
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C. J. PRATT, Prop. O. W. WARD, Editor.

Hopkins County
BANK
MADISONVILLE, KY.

Capital Stock, - - - \$50,000.

Transacts a general banking business,
and invites the accounts of the citizens of
Hopkins and adjoining counties.

Has the finest and most secure vault in
this section of Kentucky
W. H. JERNAGAN,
Vice President and General Manager.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE
ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES

JANUARY 1, 1892.

ASSETS, \$136,198,518.38
Liabilities, 4 p. c. 109,905,537.82
SURPLUS, \$26,292,980.56

New Business, \$233,118,331
written in 1891.
Assurance, \$84,894,557
in force.

Its latest form of Policy is
UNRESTRICTED
after one year.
INCONTINGIBLE
after two years.
NON-FORFEITABLE
after three years,
and payable
WITHOUT DELAY.

Write for rates and results, giving age.
PAUL M. MOORE, AGENT,
EARLINGTON, KY.

Commenced Business in 1890.
JOHN G. MORTON.

BANKER
MADISONVILLE, KY.

Transacts a General Banking Business.
Special attention given to collections.

Thos D Walker,
Alias "Old Joker,"
is still in the lead with a complete stock of

Stoves, & Castings,

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Repairing and Roofing a Specialty.

"Old Joker" has marked his goods so low,
that everything is bound to go.

LOW CASH SALES AND PROFITS SMALL.
Insures the patronage of all.

Earlington, Ky.

ALA DELLE JARDINIERE
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FASHIONABLE

MERCHANT TAILOR

IMPORTER OF CLOTHS AND SUITINGS.
321 Upper First St., Evansville, Ind.
He currently solicits the patronage of his Hop-
kins county friends.

J. B. MOONEY,
Steam Engines,
Portable and Stationary
Standard Boilers.
Gas Engines and Elevators.
Dealer in and-hand Milling Machinery.
200 Lower First St., Evansville, Indiana.

Half-Rate Excursions!

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ARKANSAS AND TEXAS
VIA THE

THE COTTON BELT ROUTE!

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(Tickets Good 20 Days.)

THE COTTON BELT ROUTE
IS THE ONLY LINE FROM MEMPHIS
WITH Through Car Service to Texas,
and traverses the finest Farming, Grazing and
Timber Lands and passes through the
most progressive towns
and cities in the

GREAT SOUTHWEST.

All lines connect with and have tickets on
sale via the

COTTON BELT ROUTE.

Ask your nearest Ticket Agent for maps, time
tables, etc., and write to any of the following for
all information you may desire concerning a trip
to the Great Southwest.

S. HATCH, S. G. WARNER, Dist. Pass. Agent,
St. Louis, Mo. H. H. SUTTON, Dist. Pass. Agent,
St. Louis, Mo. W. G. ADAMS, Dist. Pass. Agent,
St. Louis, Mo. W. B. DODDGE, Dist. Pass. Agent,
St. Louis, Mo. E. W. LARUE, Dist. Pass. Agent,
St. Louis, Mo. Gen'l Manager, St. Louis, Mo.

E. S. BAKER, M. D. J. S. BAKER, M. D.

DR. E. S. BAKER & SON,

Oculists and Opticians,

MADISONVILLE, KY.

Treat all Diseases of the Eye, Perform
Operations, Insert Artificial Eyes, Etc.
Eyes Carefully Tested and the Best Quality
of Gold, Silver and Steel, Flint Glass and

PURE PEBBLE SPECTACLES SUPPLIED.

We have one of the Finest Test Cases in
America, and can overcome any Difficulty
of the Eye that can be

Corrected with Glasses.

L. H. PAGE,

Contractor and Builder,

Madisonville, Kentucky.

Good Work Guaranteed.
Write for Terms.

W. H. Manire,

DENTIST,

MADISONVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Office: Over Hanner & Fugate Grocery, on
Main Street. Attention also given to repairing
clocks, jewelry, sewing machines, etc.

W. H. HOFFMAN,

DENTIST,

MADISONVILLE, KY.

Office on Main street, opposite North
Door of Court House.

THOS. WHITFORD,

Brick-layer and Stone-mason,

EARLINGTON, KENTUCKY.

All orders receive prompt attention, and
satisfactory work guaranteed.

MADISONVILLE
Steam Laundry and Dye Works.

JAS. L. BURCHFIELD, ANAGER.
The only Laundry in the county, and none better
known. First-class work done at very reasonable prices.
A positive guarantee.
Agents wanted in every city, town and hamlet in
Hopkins and adjoining counties. Address
JAMES L. BURCHFIELD, Manager,
Madisonville, Ky.

M. McCORD,
Carpenter, Contractor & Builder
Will take contracts for Building and Repairing,
and will furnish all material for same.
ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN.
Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
Shop in the "Old Catholic Church."

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and advice, and special references sent without
charge upon request.
J. R. LITTLE,
Solicitor and Attorney and Patent Causes,
Washington, D. C.
Opposite U. S. Patent Office.
(Mention this paper.)

Church Directory.

CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION.
First mass, 8:00 a. m.; second mass and sermon,
10:00 a. m. Rosary instruction and benediction at
5:30 p. m. every Sunday. A. M. Corbin, pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Services regularly held, morning and evening,
every Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting
Thursday night.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services second Sunday evening and Sunday
each month. Prayer meeting, Monday night, 7
p. m. S. Check, pastor.

M. E. CHURCH.
Services first Sunday each month. Sunday
school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. J. S. Cox, pastor.

ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.
Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock,
and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30
a. m. W. W. Dawsey, pastor.

MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sun-
day school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Foster, pastor.

Madisonville.
Praying every first and third Sunday, morning
and evening, by Elder H. H. Bennett. Prayer
meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every
Sunday morning at 9:15.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Praying every second and fourth Lord's day,
morning and evening, by Elder H. H. Bennett. Prayer
meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every
Sunday morning at 9:15.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.
Praying every first and fourth Lord's day,
morning and evening, by Elder H. H. Bennett. Prayer
meeting Thursday evening. Sunday-school every
Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Praying every first and third Lord's day,
morning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Prayer-
meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school at
9:15 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15.
Praying every third Sunday afternoon at
4 o'clock by J. S. Cox, of the M. E. Church.

Edge Directory.
E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 548, P. &
A. M. Stated meetings the first and
third Sundays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
Transient brethren cordially invited
to attend. H. H. COWELL, Secretary.

ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 225, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Tuesday night
at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited to attend. J. B. WYATT, N. G.

HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 50, I. O. G. T.
Regular meeting of members every Wednesday
evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting friends espe-
cially invited to attend. Mrs. J. E. Day, C. T.
C. H. HUNT, Secretary.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 41, KNIGHTS OF
PIERCE. Meets every Monday night in the
Masonic building. All members of the order are
cordially invited to attend. DAVID CANNON, C. C.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, A. O. U. W. Meets
every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting
brethren cordially invited to attend. T. G. TERRY, Recorder.

THE ST. BERNARD CORNET BAND meets
the Monday, Tuesday and Friday night.
All are invited to attend. D. M. EVANS,
Manager of Band and Hall.

Official Directory.

State.
Governor—John Young Brown.
Lieutenant Governor—Mitchell C. Alford.
Secretary of State—John W. Hendrix.
Assistant Secretary of State—Edward O. Leigh.
Private Secretary to Governor—Arch D. Brown.
Attorney General—W. J. Hendricks.
Auditor—L. C. Neuman.
Treasurer—H. S. Hale.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Ed. Por-
ter Thompson.
Register and Land Office—Green B. Swango.
Insurance Commissioner—Henry F. Duncan.
Deputy Commissioner—W. T. Haves.
Adjutant General—A. J. Gross.
Assistant Adjutant General—E. B. Richardson.
Supt. Arsenal—Capt. David O'Connell.
Inspector of Mines—J. M. Macdonald.
Commissioner of Agriculture—Nick McDowell.
Court of Appeals—Chief Justice, W. H. Holt.
Judges, W. S. Price, Cassell Bennett, W. H. H. Hall, J. H. Lewis, Clerk, A. Adams.
Superior Court—Presiding Judge, Jas. Barbour.
Judges, W. H. Yost, Jr., Jos. Barbour, J. H. Brent.
Lawyer—Messrs. Brown & Day.
Public Printer and Binder—E. Polk Johnson.
State Geologist—John R. Proctor.
Inspector of Mines—C. J. Newwood.
Railroad Commissioner—A. Spalding, W. B.
Fleming, G. M. Adams.

County.
Judge of Circuit Court—John R. Grace.
Commonwealth Attorney—J. B. Garrett.
Circuit Court Clerk—John Christy.
Judge of County Court—J. H. Christy.
County Clerk—W. H. Waddell.
County Clerk—W. H. Waddell.
Sheriff—R. C. Tapp.
Jailer—Daniel Brown.
Superintendent of Schools—J. Glenn.
Coroner—L. D. H. Rodgers.

Wardens.
Curtain District—L. F. Bailey, E. C. Abner.
House District—D. Snodgrass, T. R. Card-
well.
Horse District—H. P. Simons, J. W. Jones.
Judge District—H. P. Porter, A. J. Key.
Charleston District—J. C. Lovell, J. R. Franklin.
Dalton District—John Pittsman, E. C. Kirk-
wood.

Asbury District—J. H. Hanson, W. L. Davis.
Kitchen District—J. R. Portland, Jas. Priest.
St. Charles District—J. L. Salmon, J. H. Fox.

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THE GREAT
THROUGH TRUNK LINE

between the cities of
Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville,
Evansville, St. Louis,
And the cities of
Nashville, Memphis, Montgomery,
Mobile and New Orleans.

Without Change!
AND SPEED UNRAVELLED.

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE
From St. Louis, Evansville
and Henderson to the

SOUTHEAST AND SOUTH!

THROUGH COACHES
From above cities to Nashville
and Chattanooga, mak-
ing direct con-
nection

WITH PULLMAN PALACE CARS
For Atlanta, Savannah, Macon,
Jacksonville and Points
IN FLORIDA.

Connections are made at Guthrie
and Nashville for all points
North, East, South and West,
in Pullman Palace Cars.

EMIGRANTS
Seeking homes on the line of this
road will receive special low rates.

See agents of this company for
rates, routes, &c., or write to
C. P. ATMORE, G. P. & T. A.,
Louisville, Kentucky.

AN AWFUL INTRUDER.

"I always liked hunting, but I
never will forget a queer hunt I had
when I was after big game."

The speaker was Major Archi-
bald Wendell, and one of the best
known clubs in the city was enter-
taining him. He was well known
as a man of adventure, and his
story was eagerly demanded. "It
was in Rio Janeiro," he continued.

"The first month after my arrival
I met an old acquaintance of mine,
Jack Dorne, a harum-scarum sort
of chap, who had been nearly every-
where, from Boston to Singapore.

We had not met in three years,
and there never was anything more
unlikely than our meeting in that
out-of-the-way place; and yet, I'll
give you my word that as I sauntered
up the shady side of the street and
met him sauntering
down the shady side we looked up,
recognizing each other, and Jack
cried, as coolly as though we had
parted not an hour ago: 'Hello,
Arch! Want to go up into the
mines? Lots of fun and good
hunting.'

"That Jack was a funny fellow.
He had got a 'pull' with some man
that was making loads of money
in the mines, and he was at that
time busily engaged in laying up
for a rainy day. He showed me
his bank book, with some very
handsome figures to his credit. Well,
nothing suited me better
than to see the interior of the
country a little, and the end of it
was that in ten minutes I had
promised to go, and in less than
three hours we were on the way
and were rapidly leaving the city
behind us. We had fine horses.

Jack knew every foot of the way
and was friends with a good many
people along the road, and we
could afford to take our time and
travel as slowly or as rapidly as
we felt inclined. Jack had stop-
ping places staked out, as he said,
and knew quite well every day
where we were going to spend the
night. Jack kept telling stories of
the fun at the mines, and of the
chances for good hunting of all
kinds there, and we got along
very cleverly. But on the fourth
day, as we jogged along, an accident
happened which upset Jack's cal-
culations for that day. My horse
put his foot into a hole and fell,
laming himself so badly that I had
to walk and lead him. For several
hours we made but little head-
way, and dark came down and
found us ten good miles short of
the place where Jack had expected
to stop. 'This don't look very
promising,' said Jack, dubiously,
trying to peer ahead into the gather-
ing shadows. 'There's a nasty
creek bottom ahead, and I hate
like smoke to go through it after
dark. I caught a glimpse of a snake
as long as the Atlantic cable in that
bottom once, and I haven't got
through running yet.' But the
next moment he cried: 'Why what
a little just in the edge of the
bottom on this side; an old herb
gatherer lives there. Why, of course
we'll spend the night right there.'

And hurrying on we found the little
hut, a miserable place enough,
thatched with leaves and with a
great hole broken in one corner
of the roof, but a shelter, at any
rate.

"The old herb gatherer was away
from home, but we took possession,
lighted a candle, helped ourselves
to some food we found in the great
corner cupboard and stretched
ourselves on his bed to sleep. We
left the candle burning for fear of
the ghosts, Jack said, and I remem-
ber looking the room over sleepily
by its dim light, and seeing the
tall, gaunt cupboard, whose door
we had left open, and the dark
hole in the corner of the roof.

The last thing that occurred to me
was that I could see two fiery eyes
gleaming out of the darkness
through that hole, and then I
went to sleep. I had a dream that
was full of snakes and crawling
things, and after I had worried
over it until I couldn't stand it any
more I woke up.

"I lay there for several minutes
looking at the candle, which was
burning low. After awhile I raised
my eyes and started off in a yawn
which was frozen on my face, as it
were, leaving my mouth wide
open. For there hanging from the
hole in the roof and gracefully wav-
ing to and fro, was about eight feet
of a snake. And such a snake!

Boys, I don't believe I am exag-
gerating one particle when I tell
you that it was as large around as

my body. While I lay there and
looked at him, and saw those
smooth, waving motions, that
enormous head and the darting
tongue that was kept in constant
play, I felt perfectly conscious
that this snake could have swal-
lowed me without a particle of
trouble. And however anxious I
might have been for sport, you
know I had no anxiety to explore
the interior of a boa-constrictor.

"With some faint idea of selling
my life as cheaply as possible I slip-
ped my hand softly under the pil-
low and got hold of my revolver.
The motion, easy as it was, roused
Jack, and he half turned. Instantly
two or three feet of the huge, shin-
ing body slipped down through the
roof, and the horrible head came
nearer. Jack saw it then—that
citizen of the world always so fertile
in expedients—and with one wild
shout of 'Great Scott! Jump for
the cupboard, Arch,' he flung him-
self in that direction. With a
glimpse of returning reason I
scrambled after him, and in an
instance we were crouched on the
floor, under the lowest shelf, with
the door shut behind us. We
were safe, for the snake could not
open the cupboard; and we set
there and laughed and cried in the
most nonsensical fashion, with our
self-control entirely gone.

"Well, if that snake ain't sold!
was Jack's version of it, but I think
he felt pretty serious when he said
it. After awhile we began to find
that it was too close in our cramped
quarters and I opened the door a
tiny little bit so that we could get
a breath of air. We found then
that the candle had gone out and
the room was as dark as Egypt.
But we could hear something mov-
ing in that dark room—soft, glid-
ing motions that made us thankful
that there were good, strong planks
between us and the something on
the other side. Time began to
pass somewhat heavily in the cup-
board. I pressed my face close to
the crack in the door to get more
fresh air, and suddenly something
lightly brushed over my face again
and again. I didn't know what it
was at first, but all at once it flashed
upon me that it was the tongue of
the snake. That was more than
I could endure. With a murmured
warning, 'Look out, Jack, I'm go-
ing to fire,' I put my revolver to
the crack and fired at the horrible
creature that was caressing me
with his slimy tongue.

"Of course, shut up in a little
closet it sounded like the very
crack of doom, and we were deaf-
ened so that it was some time
before we could hear anything.
When we recovered a little such
sounds as did greet our ears! Half
a dozen wild groans couldn't have
made more noise than that snake
was making. We could hear it
leap away up against the walls and
fall and twist and writhe, lashing
about with its tail and knocking
down every thing in the room. At
the same time the air became so
heavy with the rank, poisonous
odor the reptile emitted that both
of us turned deathly sick, and Jack
began vomiting.

"At last, while the snake was
beating against the walls on the
other side of the room, I opened
the door a little way, reached out
in the dark and found the candle.
I had one last match in my pocket.
If it should go out I thought it
was all up with us, for I was quite
sure we couldn't live till morning
in that closet. But fortunately
the match was a good one and I
made a light, thrust it out into the
room a little and viewed the wreck.
Coiling, twisting and throwing
himself about in his mad agony
the huge snake had possession of
the place. Walls, floor and every-
thing else were covered with his
blood and the odor was simply
horrible. Just as I looked out he
had got himself coiled around a
stout oak chair, and with a tight-
ening of the coils the chair was
splintered. I incautiously opened
the door a little too far, and he
hurled himself at me. I had
barely time to pull the door shut
when he struck it. And then I
got Jack to hold the light while I
watched the snake's motions, took
careful aim and fired.

"That shot finished him. He
struggled and wriggled blindly all
over the room for a minute or two,
but finally straightened himself
and lay still. And then Jack and
I crawled out of that closet more
dead than alive, and Jack lit a
candle and asked me if his hair
wasn't gray. And then, there was
the sequel; for the old herb gath-
erer never was seen again. When

we found that he had really disap-
peared, Jack and I looked at one
another and cold chills ran over us
for we felt as confident then as I
do now that the huge snake on
some previous visit had killed and
devoured the helpless old man,
and was merely looking for another
meal when he dropped himself
down from that hole in the roof.
No, we did not look for any more
game on that trip. That one hunt
in the night and in the dark was
enough for one time."—N. O. Cor.
St. Louis Globe Democrat.

BIDWELL'S BLOOD MONEY.

Career of the Cold Water Candidate for the
Presidency.

General Bidwell, Prohibitionist
candidate for President, says the
Boston Journal, was one of the
original California pioneers, and
tradition has it that they were
not exactly teetotalers. Bidwell
had a big vineyard in Butte County.
He raised grapes there, and they
were wine grapes. He had a
winery and a still house and for
twenty years the individual who
now heads the prohibition ticket
was next to the largest wine and
brandy producer in California.

It was in this business that he
accumulated the millions which
will go to lubricate the wheels of
the Prohibition machine this sum-
mer. For the first time probably
in all its history, the third party
now has a reformed distiller at its
head. For General Bidwell did
reform. He reformed to please his
wife, and he now sells the products
of his 150-acre vineyard in the open
market instead of converting them
into spirituous fluid on his own
premises, for what becomes of his
grapes in other hands he does not
consider that he is responsible.

It is an inspiring or chilling re-
flection, according as you look at
it, that a big fortune gained in the
wine and brandy trade is going to
be used to pay the rent of Prohi-
bition orators and Prohibition
torch-bearers during the campaign.
Some people will like the notion.
Other people won't.

Tin Truths.

An examination of the prices of
tin in Liverpool and the United
States during the period of low
tariffs shows that the English tin-
plate manufacturer controlled ab-
solutely the price of his goods,
dictating to the American con-
sumer. The price during these
years was lowered or raised in
Liverpool at will, and of course
the American price had to follow.
The McKinley law changed this.
The fact that the construction of
numbers of plants for the manu-
facture of tin plate was at once
commenced, and that several were
put in operation opened the eyes
of the English manufacturer.

When the McKinley bill passed
Congress, Melyn grade tin was sel-
ling in Liverpool at \$5.04 per box
of 108 pounds. The duty of one
cent per pound added \$1.08 to the
cost in New York or Philadelphia,
and made the total cost, exclusive
of freight, \$6.12 per box. The
same tin is now selling in Liver-
pool at \$3.60 per box, and the duty
at 2-10 cents per pound, which
amounts to \$2.37 and makes the
cost in New York or Philadelphia
\$5.97 per box. The foreign man-
ufacturer has been compelled by the
passage of the McKinley law to re-
duce the product to so low a rate
that with the higher rate of duty
the price would be lower than it
was under the previous tariff. This
is what the Republicans claim
would be the result. This has al-
ways been the tactics adopted by
the foreign manufacturer, as the
first effort to stop the development
of any manufacturing here.

Broken Flint as Grit.

Hard flint, crushed or ground,
will some day be placed on the
market for the use of poultrymen
in providing grit for fowls. It is
true that nearly all sections have
gravel, but gravel is worn by the
elements into round shapes, or
rather the sharp edges are taken
off. The object in swallowing
hard substances by the fowls is to
secure sharp cutting material, and
ordinary gravel does not supply
their wants. Many persons use
oyster shells, reduced by grinding
or pounding, but shells are too
soft and do not fully serve the pur-
pose required. Flint is the best
material, as it always presents
sharp edges, no matter how fine it
may be in condition.—Farm and
Fireside.

Man wants the earth, but it is
the housekeeper who gets the dust.

HORR, OF MICHIGAN.

SOME FREE-TRADE FALLACIES EXPOSED
BY THE GREAT TARIFF SPEAKER.

Protection Advantages—England not the
Richest Country—Workmen are not Re-
quired to Steal, in Order to Live—
The most Prosperous Nation
on the Globe.

Sir: Being much interested in
and instructed by Mr. Horr's ar-
ticles on the tariff, and having at
times debated the question myself,
I find that the Free-traders make
the following arguments:

First—They claim that every
country is adapted by climate and
soil to the production of some par-
ticular articles—the ones which
can be most profitably produced in
that country; and that protection is,
of necessity, an attempt of the
people of the country to produce
some article the production of
which the